Appalachian Rain

Matraca Berg

He came into town in the early springtime
To work with my daddy down in the mines
It was hot in the summer when he said goodbye
And he left me a secret I can no longer hide
Now the only thing here that is welcoming me
Is a cold rainy morning, and a Greyhound bus seat
He just had to come back and try to explain
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rainMountains of sorrow, mountains of pain
You'll never give for my baby a name
My family's honor took it away
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rainI was washed in the blood of the river you filled
Now the sound of a shotgun rings through the hills
And the blood of her father runs through its veins
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rainMountains of sorrow, mountains of pain
You'll never give for my baby a name
My family's honor took it away
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rainTears in the hollow, tears of my shame
Cry for your daughter, Appalachian rain

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